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S O N G S

AND

V E R S E S,

COMPOSED BY

J. W I L D E.

— K
MDCCLXXIX.



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S O N G S, &c.

A BROAD in the meadows one ev'ning I stray'd,
All nature was charming and gay;
The sweet warbling birds, what a concert they made!
Each one sung his different lay.

The fields then new-mown, did the air so perfume,
The rest in their pride did appear;
My senses delighted, began to presume
That this was a Paradise here.

And more to confirm it, a nymph then conceal'd,
In accents so pleasing did chant;
That quickly I to her my passion reveal'd,
Besides her, what more could I want?

But soon she arose in a seeming surprise,
And stay any longer she'd not;
While I, all transported, with love-longing eyes,
Attended her home to her cot.

And as thro' the woods and the meadows we went,
At each stile, that I lov'd her, did hint;
And freely, too freely my hand to her lent,
Not thinking my heart had been in't.

A

My

My hand she return'd with much seeming respect,
 But found ere a mile I had gone,
 My heart it was stolen, and whom to suspect,
 Besides her, I knew not of one.

So now gentle Cupid, I come to demand,
 As she does my love still disdain;
 That if she won't bless me, and give me her hand,
 That I may my freedom regain.

But if she would have me, what mortals would then
 Be happy, more happy than we?
 Each day would we pass in those paths that would gain
 More virtue, and that's liberty.

The G R O V E.

COME ye gentle blooming fair,
 To the leafy shades repair:
 Come ye jovial sportive swains,
 Hither come, where pleasure reigns.

Now's the season, all looks gay,
 Nymphs and swains then come away;
 Now's the time, the time improve,
 And thro' fields of pleasure rove.

Spreading

Spreading trees, whose branches meet,
 Purling streams, with murmurs sweet;
 Do invite you to the grove,
 To the seat of joy and love.

Woodbines, roses, pleasant flow'rs,
 Now adorn and scent the bow'r's ;
 Music too, does fill the grove,
 All is harmony and love.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

HOW chearful 'tis to range around
 The fields and meadows that abound
 With native sweets to chear each sense,
 And health and pleasure both dispense !

How gladsome 'tis to rise each morn
 Betimes, and traverse thro' the corn,
 Which gently waves with a kind breeze,
 That plays harmonious 'mongst the trees !

How happy then, the rural swains,
 Who thus enjoy their fields and plains !
 Who have of spicy gales great store,
 Each morn to fan them at the door !

Nor is the eve less sweet when they
 Do all unite in social play ;
 And hand in hand do trip the green,
 With their kind nymphs:—delightful scene !

Long may they sport, and ever be
 Remark'd for their felicity ;
 That all who're there for pleasure brought,
 May home return in pleasing thought.

The CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

O How sweet it is each morn,
 When the blossoms on the thorn
 Scent the pastures all along,
 And the lark begins his song ;

To be seated on the rock,
 Viewing of my tender flock ;
 While my faithful dog lies by,
 Guarding with a watchful eye !

Yes, this is the happy state,
 Kings have wish'd for, tho' so great :
 Yes, I'm happier than a king,
 And my merry ballads sing.

Sportive lambs each other chace,
 (As if eager for the race)
 Round and round my lowly tent ;
 Happy scene of merriment !

And when night does draw her veil,
 I go whistling thro' the dale,
 For to meet my blithesome queen ;
 Can you guess who 'tis I mean ?

Blithesome

BLITHESOME NANNY-O.

RISE bright Luna, be my guide,
 Lead me to the fountain-side:
 Thro' the meadows I must go,
 To meet blithesome Nanny-o.

Rise bright goddess, show thy face,
 Lead me to the happy place,
 That I may the fair one see,
 Pass the night in extacy.

Yonder! see the goddess rise!
 See the stars adorn the skies!
 Ev'ry thing appears serene;
 A sweeter night was never seen.

Hark! methinks, nigh yonder dell,
 Are the notes of Philomel:
 O how soft and sweet thy song!
 Sweetest of the feather'd throng!

But no nightingales are there,
 Too inclement is the air:
 Then what is it does chant so?
 What! but blithesome Nanny-o?

Now, ye minutes, gently roll,
 Transports do possess my soul:
 What great joys to love belong!
 Welcome love, adieu my song.

The MANTUA-MAKER.

YE high-flown lovers, who have got
 No mortal nymphs to warm you :
 But angels, goddesses, what not?
 Hear of a nymph will charm you.

She oft with flowers is so drest,
 For Flora you might take her ;
 And yet, ye swains, don't think I jest,
 The maid's a Mantua-maker.

Heard you her talk, 'tis with such wit,
 Ye never could forsake her ;
 Unless ye did some thousands get,
 To leave the Mantua-maker.

Minerva too, some do her name,
 But then they do mistake her ;
 For really she is still the same,
 The charming Mantua-maker.

Not sylvan nymphs with rosy hue,
 Nor Naiades in the lake, firs,
 Present more charms unto the view ;
 Saw ye the Mantua-maker's.

And tho' she be not quite divine,
 Nor an inspired Quaker ;
 Your goddesses ye' would resign,
 Knew ye the Mantua-maker.

JOHN.

J O H N.

TUNE of GRAMACHREE.

THE rosy spring does now come on,
 The birds all sweetly sing;
 While here I sigh for my love John,
 Who's fighting for the King.
 He is a valiant youth I know,
 And sweet to look upon:
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

He left me in the month of May,
 A twelvemonth 'tis ago;
 But hop'd that he would see the day,
 Within two years or so:
 That he and I shou'd marry'd be,
 And peaceful live at home:
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

Great Mars, victorious from the war,
 Send him with laurels crown'd;
 And to make known his worth afar,
 Fame! let thy trumpet sound:
 How much his presence will delight,
 When he's vast honours won!
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

But

But should my love inconstant be,
 And ever change his mind,
 And take some nymph of high degree,
 As many he may find :
 But vanish all such jealous thoughts,
 His heart and tongue are one :
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

When on the flow'ry banks we take
 A walk, and view the dales;
 While blooming nature's all awake,
 And flow'rs perfume the gales ;
 With pleasure we will sit us down,
 And join the vocal throng :
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

But flow'ry banks no pleasure give,
 Tho' they're drest in their pride;
 Nor more will do, long as I live,
 Till I be made his bride :
 Then guardian angels do protect,
 And send him me ere long :
 O mon amour, tu as mon cœur,
 Mon très cher John.

JOCKEY

JOCKEY and JENNY.

THE fields they were pleasant, the hills they were green,
When Jockey and Jenny who lovers had been
For several long years, with hot and cold fits;
Love is the producer of such opposites.

Met nigh to a glen, at a blithe shepherd's tent,
Where Jockey to Jenny, spoke to this intent:

J O C K E Y.

The time now is come, so let's celebrate
Our nuptials as promis'd before Ralph and Kate.

J E N N Y.

I promis'd you Jockey, indeed it is true,
But then I had nothing was better in view:
But now there's Laird Sandy, who lives at the hill,
Has promis'd to have me, and have him I will.

J O C K E Y.

Tho' Sandy enjoys a piece land and neat cot,
Has three times the riches that now I have got;
Yet I may be richer, my Jenny, by far,
For uncle has promis'd to make me his heir.

J E N N Y.

No matter, dear Jockey, I meant but to be
Convinc'd of thy love and thy sincerity;
For, sure I'd have thee, tho' thou hadst but thy crook,
Before that rich Laird with wry neck and odd look.

B

Then

JOCKEY.

Then take me, dear Jenny, for I've little more
 Than yon flock of sheep, and this crook to my store;
 From uncle I nothing expect, for I'm sure
 He's going to marry, tho' three-score and four.

JENNY.

Then Jockey, for ever, I do thee resign,
 Now Sandy's wry neck does seem freighter than thine;
 So farewell, heir may be to uncle's Estate,
 For Jenny will never become thy fond mate.

JOCKEY.

Has Jenny then left me? How venal her love!
 Yet she's but the tenth has so serv'd me by Jove!
 So I'll try another: Blithe shepherd we find,
 Hearts will turn to gold as the vane to the wind.

A P R I L - D A Y.

ONE evening mild, the air serene,
 When beauteous flowers adorn'd the green,
 With lovely Bess I stray'd;
 O how engaging was her mien!
 The cheerful birds did welcome in
 The sweet and charming maid.

The lillies, roses, hyacinths,
 Then smiling by the river's brinks,
 Their various blooms display'd;
 The purling stream did gently glide,
 The branching trees on either side,
 Did form a grateful shade.

In such a pleasant sweet retreat,
 The verdant turf we made our seat,
 And gaily talk'd awhile:
 I told her of my ardent flame,
 Of many things I'll now not name,
 For you thereat might smile.

I said I lov'd her as myself,
 Nay, more than misers do their pelf,
 If greater love can be:
 A crimson dye, her face o'erspread,
 She said whenever she did wed,
 That it should be with me.

I too did say the same to Bess,
 And could I, think you, say aught less,
 To one who seem'd so kind?
 Enraptur'd then I'd have her say,
 What month wou'd bring the happy day,
 The day for joy design'd.

Well then said Bess, on April day,
 So rose and homewards took her way,
 The ev'ning did grow cool;
 Yet Bess perhaps does only mean,
 To treat me as some oft have been,
 Make me an April-fool.

DELIA'S COMPLAINT.

IT was beneath this Lilac shade,
 This cool retreat, thro' yon sweet mead,
 That Damon often to me said,
 He'd marry me indeed, indeed.

He'd say I was the wish'd-for maid,
 With whom he'd chuse to pass his life;
 Wou'd I consent, he'd then be made
 Most happy in a wife, a wife.

But now, false youth, no more delights
 With me to walk yon verdant mead;
 Nor calls me forth, (once pleasing nights)
 His am'rous tale to heed, to heed.

And Celia I heard say, one day,
 That she a pleasant walk had had,
 With Damon who did to her say,
 He none but her would wed, would wed.

Oft Scipio, a gentle swain,
 Who glow'd with real love, would try
 My then disdainful heart to gain;
 Him I'd reject; and why? and why?

For this same Damon, who seem'd then
 Delighted with each word I spoke;
 But now does jeering, ask me when
 I'll marry him; fine joke! fine joke!

Wou'd

Wou'd Scipio again let glow
 That love-cool'd flame within his breast;
 My yielding heart would then o'erflow,
 With love to make him blest, him blest.

The Sailor's Return to his Peggy.

NOW I do again behold thee,
 Let me in my arms enfold thee:
 Kifs and kifs my greatest treasure;
 Lead a life of peace and pleasure.

Now I am with transport glowing,
 The spring tide of love is flowing:
 Haste, Hymen, haste, and make her mine,
 To grace the pleasant Banks of Tyne.

Behold what treasures I have won!
 I need not now, more dangers run;
 Nor more my bark to seas resign,
 But anchor on the Banks of Tyne.

PEGGY.

And do I now that Tommy hear,
 Whom I long since did hold so dear?
 And must he not, ye gods, be mine,
 To bless me on the Banks of Tyne?

So long 'tis since he left the shore,
 I thought he wou'd return no more:
 Not that I thought he'd change his love;
 But raging seas oft fatal prove!

To-morrow

To-morrow Tommy, 'tis design'd,
 (Tho' much against thy Peggy's mind)
 Myself and love I must resign
 To one far from the Banks of Tyne.

T O M M Y.

Have I shunn'd *death* where billows roar,
 To die a *worse* upon the shore?
 Was it for this, ye Gods divine!
 Ye brought me to the Banks of Tyne?

No, rather let me think, I've been
 Your care when on the raging main;
 And that you did this day design
 Our nuptials on the Banks of Tyne.

Haste, Peggy, haste, while in our pow'r,
 Let us embrace the happy hour:
 Yes, Hymen, yes, I'm her's, she's mine,
 We'll live upon the Banks of Tyne.

O N W I N T E R.

THE wintry blasts upon the plains descend,
 Divest the trees of their once native bloom,
 Which did with fragrant odour, say, attend
 Ye joyful swains beneath the sweet perfume:

Each with the fair he loves, leave the vile towns,
 For sweeter shades and life-recruiting air;
 Where we with pleasant fruits, leaves in festoons,
 Provide with nature a delicious fare.

But,

But, ah! how chang'd the scene! how soon are fled
 The murmuring zephyrs that in yonder trees
 Did softly whisper thro' the leafy shade,
 The cool retreat of the laborious bees!

Even so shall death, like the Hibernial wind,
 That unadorns the beauties of the year,
 Spread o'er the young, the aged, and the kind,
 His scythe tremendous, or his fatal spear.

But virtue shall survive, immortal be,
 Bud forth and blossom; an eternal spring
 Shall then surround the fair, and happy he
 Whose lives were pleasing to the all-seeing King.

The following SONGS, &c. were occasioned by particular incidents which happened within twenty miles of Newcastle.

The BIRKS of INVERMAY.

ONE night were met some noisy Turks,
Who'd been no worse to've had the birks;
What birks my friend? What's that you say?
O the sweet Birks of Invermay!

They sometimes fung of this and that;
And sometimes of——pray, what, Sir, what?
Then in the chorus all wou'd bray,
O the sweet Birks of Invermay!

Odd things they fung, you may suppose,
They fung of long and little nose;
Of one which was as cold as clay,
Not warm like Birks of Invermay.

Then one did drink the flip-shod flut,
The flut flip-shod; those who cou'd not,
A nut-brown tankard were to pay;
O the sweet Birks of Invermay!

But no more liquor cou'd be had,
And to drink more, you'd think them mad;
They were, yet scarce wou'd go away;
O the sweet Birks of Invermay!

And

And one, tho' you may think't a joke,
For a sup more was like to choak;
And had he dy'd, the maids might say,
O the sad Birks of Invermay!

And this one had, we will suppose,
Tho' some had long, a longer nose;
And while he cou'd, was blithe and gay
Among the Birks of Invermay.

But soon their birkships did adjourn;
Yes, soon enough, for it was morn:
Some did go this, and some that way;
O the sweet Birks of Invermay.

The Old Man and young Molly.

THere was a young maiden whose name it was Molly,
Whose visage was fair, and her shape quite genteel;
Also an old man, in the height of his folly,
Who, like some old dotards, strange motions did feel,

In a grove he once told the passion he'd for her,
And said it was plain to be read in his face;
And his love, like the vine, he said would soon wither,
Without he could get her to kindly embrace.

She seem'd discomposed with all his emotion,
His airs and his gestures (for troth they were odd)
And fled like a fawn, as if 'twere her notion,
She'd met with a satyr that danc'd in the wood.

One day as alone he was musing and ranging
 The woods and the valleys, so blithe and so gay;
 Forgetting his road, and the weather soon changing,
 Bright Phœbus no longer his beams did display;

He espy'd a neat cot, to which he resorted,
 Where Molly was putting herself in good trim;
 He went up unto her, and wou'd have saluted,
 And speedily found she'd a passion for him:

For she, in a rage, took a mop wet and steeped,
 And fous'd him so freely, for shelter he ran;
 O had you but seen, how he skipp'd and he leaped,
 You'd thought the old man had turn'd satyr again!

With old age he was bowed almost on all-four,
 So had but his scent been as like as his shape;
 The hounds that were hunting, being twenty or more,
 Wou'd surely have ta'en the old man for an ape.

Like Molly, young maidens, then never encourage
 Such self-moving statues, they're insipid grapes;
 Who've neither youth's sweetness, its vigour nor courage,
 And then you'll get husbands who have human shapes.

COGIE'S

COGIE'S DESIRE; or Sir JOHN
FALSTAFF in Love with a PUB-
LICAN'S DAUGHTER.

YE gods, call'd divine,
But make Molly mine,
What favour could I ask beside?
All else wou'd then be
But trifles to me,
Possessing sweet Molly my bride.

And if in the pow'r
Of mortals, I'm sure
I'd do you what favour I cou'd ;
You then need but ask,
When for a large cask
Of liquor transparent and good.

And tho' 'tis I think,
Said Nectar you drink,
You may for a change, like good beer ;
So potent, that some
From mortals become
Demi-gods, and loud thunder it here,

And tho' it seem strange,
I feel such a change,
With hopes of sweet Molly for bride ;
That might I live here
On her smiles and beer,
I'd think myself *quite* deify'd.

Without her I'm sure,
 I'll not long endure
 This torture of doubt and desire;
 For fast ev'ry day,
 I do drop away,
 Like butter before a great fire

I'll quickly be gone,
 Nought but skin and bone:
 Oh Swains I shall quickly expire!
 Yet wou'd she mine be,
 Soon well you'd see me,
 For Molly is COGIE's DESIRE.

VERSES

VERSES to Miss

FROM six o'clock, I travers'd to and fro,
 Oft stopt, confounded, knew not where to go;
 Then gaz'd around, the ev'ning was quite mild,
 But had you seen me, you'd have thought me wild :
 I envy'd then the flow hound his fine scent,
 Which had I got, I'd smelt the way you went :
 But greyhound-like I only run by sight,
 And you like lightning sure, had ta'en your flight :
 I never cou'd behold one trace you made,
 And sure you did not go there as you said.

But don't you think it was a dang'rous way
 For me to walk, with disappointment, pray ?
 Thanks to the brook, it cover'd but the ground,
 Or, I perhaps, might have leap'd in and drown'd :
 And this, indeed, might be the thing you meant ;
 But if 'twas yours, it was not my intent :
 So home I came, went quietly to bed,
 Got a sound sleep, indeed, indeed I did,
 Tho' all this stuff laid somewhere in my head. }

To the same, on the death of her favourite Lap-dog, which was bury'd under a Pear Tree.

ONCE more I send you of my stuff,
 Tho' you may think you have enough.

Or

Or far too much ; if so, 'twill burn,
 And quickly into ashes turn :
 But know that this relates to Nan,
 So you may burn it, if you can ;
 And tho' you may be sad, or laugh,
 It must be call'd

NAN'S EPITAPH.

BENEATH this tree does lie a dame,
 That liv'd and dy'd with a good name ;
 For, such the life she ever led,
 Her sex can't say, that ill she did ;
 And yet, I've heard, not to her praise,
 She'd sometimes take the pet four days :
 Nan was a lady, as fame says,
 So was to follow ladies ways ;
 By most was thought a handsome creature,
 And delicately all did treat her :
 Was partly brown, more black, yet pretty,
 And certainly was very witty ;
 For, if she spoke, you'd say 'twas droll,
 You surely wou'd, upon my soul.

But here she rests, and let her lie,
 The tree may richer be thereby ;
 And may perhaps in future years,
 Bring forth young whelps instead of pears ;
 Which would be strange ! yes, passing strange !
 To see so great, so odd a change ;
 But when the tree shall thus put out,
 I do pronounce't forbidden fruit.
 But is Nan dead ? yes, dead and gone ;
 Then to her mem'ry, this is done.

VULCAN

Vulcan Metamorphos'd;

OR THE

HAMMERING PREACHER.

Vulcan Metamorphosed

OR THE

HAMMERING PREACHER.

VULCAN METAMORPHOS'D;

OR THE

HAMMERING PREACHER.

NOT long ago, a Quack came here,
For rev'rend Quacks now oft appear;
Esteem'd a man of wond'rous skill,
At least by elders of the kiln;
Where this great man, with whining face,
Griev'd for a base degenerate race,
Does every nerve and vessel strain,
To make them heirs of grace again;
A noble motive this, 'tis true,
And shou'd be the great end in view.

But some there are, who seem to say
The doctor does weep o'er his prey,
Like a strange creature of the Nile,
Which you may call a Crocodile.

But tho' for once we shou'd allow,
That this hard saying is not true;
That he does all such methods scorn,
And only means to dry his corn;

D

That

That in his office, he's sincere,
 Nor has an eye to making beer;
 Is for their vices truly sorry,
 Means but the kiln as purgatory,
 That he may them from dross refine,
 While he'll not say, the gold is mine:
 Allow, I say, that he's sincere,
 Shou'd he for this, be minister?
 How many then might preachers be,
 Of quite sincere absurdity?
 For, tho' sincere, some are so weak,
 They do with little judgment speak;
 Nay, there are not a few already,
 Would do much better at a smithy;
 There tell their stories and odd tales,
 While making of horse-shoes or nails:
 But acting in another sphere,
 Do quite ridiculous appear;
 And some there are, whine worse than K—
 For some drone like a Highland pipe;
 But still with this one might dispense,
 If but aton'd for, with good sense.

Then you who do this great man hear,
 Or rather, this great pulpiteer;
 What can you think to get from him,
 Who took his calling from a dream;
 Whofrom a dream one night he had,
 In which some Being to him said:
 O K—, O K—, thou art quite fit,
 Throw by thy hammer, for a pulpit:

Did

Did straight commence a man of grace,
And turn'd a preacher all a-pace?

Thus from a dream, this Vulcan, he
Did change his trade or mystery;
Yet does not cease to hammer still
Upon the Bible, now his anvil.

Yes, he who once did horses shoe,
Which he might with great judgment do;
Does ever dream, some being bids
Him drive away, and shoe men's heads:
So let none wonder, shou'd they meet
Some walking on their heads, not feet;
For, if the feet more sense can boast
Than heads, why not be uppermost?

RELIGION pure! e'er design'd
To be the bliss of all mankind:
How oft thy sacred name we hear,
When thou, alas! art seldom there!
How many counterfeit thee now,
And pass, tho' counterfeits, for true!
Yes, many do, it is quite plain,
But hawk thee up and down for gain.

Wou'd it not to thy glory be,
And to mankind's felicity;
That when some mortals do awake,
They'd not all dreams in earnest take?

Or reason might, in some such strain,
Disperse the fancies of their brain.

How vain, fond mortals, have you been,
To be deluded by a dream;
Beyond your height, don't think to soar,
Be humble, and be vain no more?

Reason, Judgment, Meekness thou
Goest with Religion, when 'tis true:
When shall we thus thy beauty see?

Religion.

When babblers cease from troubling me.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
DON FALCON;

OR
Much Ado about Nothing.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
DON FALGON
OR
Which Also about Nothing

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
DON FALCON, &c.

ONE day our Knight, who did inherit
A wonderful undaunted spirit,
Did take a ride to a sweet vill,
You may suppose it where you will;
Near purling streams, and shady trees,
And pleasant banks too, if you please,
Where nymphs and swains do oft reveal
The tender passion they'd conceal;
Where this same Knight did oft unfold
The passion he had got for gold;
And tho' gold was his greatest aim,
Wou'd take a lady with the same;
A lady? yes, or any creature,
No matter for her shape or feature;
For, having gold she'd be complete;
And tho' she frown'd, her looks how sweet!
Gold cou'd convert her from a fool;
How sweet she'd sing! tho' like an owl.

Not

Not so the modest nymph, array'd
 In all her charms, without this aid:
 The Knight her virtues wou'd despise:
 Good God! how gold does blind one's eyes!
 Thus thought the Knight, renown'd for wit;
 Or rather, Sirs, for ne'er a bit;
 But I mistake, yes, he is wise,
 And should you ask me where it lies:
 That he is wise, I must repeat,
 For he is wise in his conceit.

One day this Knight of courage try'd,
 His Rosinante did bestride;
 And then set forth, as said before,
 To a sweet ville, call'd Peth and More;
 And whether it was by the way,
 Or when arriv'd, as some may say;
 Or else before he did set out,
 That Cupid turn'd his bow about,
 And took an arrow from his quiver,
 And shot the Knight thro' heart or liver,
 Is hard to say; but this is true,
 That he was touch'd, and deeply too;
 Not that he languish'd with his eyes,
 Or sent forth lamentable cries;
 Or like the clown was wounded sore,
 That he all night did nought but roar:
 No, he'd been better us'd to darts,
 And tho' much pierc'd, could bear the smarts;
 For tho' he oft had been beat back,
 He still was willing to attack:

Yet

Yet not so fond of fighting, that
 With any monster he wou'd combat;
 Or like the Knight, whose ignorance
 Is so much spoke of in romance,
 Who took windmills for giants, or
 Once took a windmill for a monster:
 Our modern Knight wou'd ne'er engage
 With such, nor hostile weapon wage;
 So common too, the windmills grown,
 That to our Knight they were well known.

But 'tis reported, and 'tis true,
 That he one time great feats did do;
 And how th' engagement first began,
 I need not tell, so many can;
 Had you not known, you'd ne'er have thought
 With such a thing he wou'd have fought;
 For tho' it had nor horn nor stick,
 Don might have got a surly kick;
 But as there are who don't know
 What thing it was, which he fought so;
 I will the mystery unlock,
 And Sirs, it was, it was—a Bullock;
 And what is stranger still to know,
 This Bullock on two legs did go!
 And oft complain'd, being much distress'd,
 Of bruises got upon the breast;
 Which as some know, shall change the plan,
 And turn the Bullock to a man,
 Who thus express'd himself, 'tis said,
 To one who ask'd him how he did:

E

"I'm

" I'm bruis'd, bruis'd, bruis'd all o'er ;
 " Honey, I'm bruis'd just black before :
 " That red-hot Highlander did fall
 " Upon me, and most sadly maul."

Thus did he speak, with piteous moan,
 So heavily he was laid upon ;
 And little honour there was gain'd,
 For rather, it Don's honour stain'd.

But lest I wander from the point,
 And put my tale just out of joint,
 I will return, and tell you now,
 Why Don rid out, and what to do.

This Knight had often sought a bride,
 And still was cruelly deny'd ;
 But thought he'd got one in his view,
 Who'd bid him welcome there to woo :
 So made himself of conquest sure,
 Tho' he'd ne'er spoke of love unto her ;
 Yes, thought a Knight so bold and brave,
 Had nought to do but ask and have ;
 And thus his speech the Knight began ;
 (A better you may make who can.)

" My dear, you in your choice are nice,
 " Or you'd been marry'd, long ere this ;
 " But now you can't refuse, my life,
 " I'm come to take you for my wife ;
 " I'll take a house where-e'er you please,
 " Wherein we'll live in love and ease ;
 " Or, which will sure your blifs complete,
 " I'll take you one in Pilgrim-street."

Thus

Thus spoke the Knight, at whom, the fair
 (Excuse me for this word) did stare,
 And flatly gave him a denial,
 And well he bore so great a trial;
 For he was much in love, 'tis told,
 Or with the lady, or her gold,
 Which she perceiv'd, yes, knew the part,
 He really lov'd most at his heart;
 So let him go from whence he came,
 And soon he quench'd the raging flame;
 Soon made advances to some more,
 And prov'd successful as before;
 So now is ready to set forth,
 For either East, West, South, or North;
 And you perhaps may sometime hear,
 Unto which point the Knight does steer.

January 23, 1779.

F I N I S.

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